

Miss Jennie Kemsen

With the kind regards  
of the author—



front

The old Home

HISTORY AND REMINISCENCES  
OF THE  
MESIER FAMILY,  
OF  
WAPPINGERS CREEK.  
TOGETHER WITH  
*A SHORT HISTORY OF ZION CHURCH.*

“ Hope writes the poetry of the boy, Memory that of the man.”

BY  
HENRY SUYDAM.  
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To the present dwellers in the Home at Wappingers Creek, this short History of what the writer remembers of the Homestead—of events he heard told, the pleasures he enjoyed, and the good he received there—is, with esteem and love, dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

Front preface



Wappingers Falls,  
at the present time

1882.

## P R E F A C E .

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“The impressions we receive in the effervescence of youth, when everything has a tinge of freshness, we like to hold fast upon, to engrave them on our memory, and to carry them to the autumn and winter of life.”

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**T**HE writer, an old man, strays in thought to the banks of the Wappingers, where in childhood he plucked the first flower and caught the first fish. Nowhere since has the sun shone so mildly as there, where he drank its beams, so fresh, so beautiful, that it seemed he then began to know of nature. But the scene of former days has been changed: progress and wealth have so altered the features of its native purity, that the recollection of what it once was leaves a sad reflection of change ever changing.

Now, in the winter of life, the writer looks for-



ward to some other bright world, where he hopes to have joys that shall be greater and more lasting—a world of sentiment and divine feeling. Clearing away the snow of time from the mirror of his memory, the writer sees the fair years of his boyhood uncovered, fresh and green; standing afar off, he has attempted to narrate something of those who have lived and were born in the good old Home.

HENRY SUYDAM,  
51 WEST TWENTY-SECOND STREET,  
NEW YORK CITY.

MAY, 1882.



## HISTORY OF THE MESIER FAMILY.

FROM the list of members of the Dutch Church in the city of New York, in the year 1686, published from a manuscript of Domine Selymus (see Valentine's "History of New York"), the following names appear: Peiter Jansen Mesier en. zgn. h. v. Marretze Willemie.

Among the list of citizens admitted as freemen between the years 1683 and 1740, we find the name of Peter J. Mesier, 1724; Abraham Mesier, 1728; Peter J. Mesier, 1734.

On a map showing the location of the different estates in the city, as they existed about 1685, a plot is marked out as Mesier's Millot, and called "Courtland."

Peter Mesier, the ancestor of the family of which we now write, held the office of alderman of the West Ward, of New York City, in 1759, 1760, 1761, 1762, and 1763. He was a person of distinction



(see Valentine's "History of New York"), as shown by his election for a succession of years. These facts we find recorded in the proceedings of the Common Council for those years. "Peter Mesier, by will dated October 2, 1765, proved June 1, 1784, gives to his eldest son Abraham Mesier, a corner house and lot where he now lives. He gives to his son Peter Mesier, Jr., the corner house and lot of ground where he now lives, and to Jacob Van Voorhis, Jr., and John Van Voorhis, children of his daughter Catherine, the house and lot of ground on the south side of Cortlandt Street, and he directs the remainder of his property, real and personal, to be divided into four equal parts, one-fourth to Abraham Mesier, one-fourth to Peter Mesier, Jr., one-fourth to his daughter Elizabeth, one-fourth to his grandchildren Jacob Van Voorhis, Jr., and John Van Voorhis; appoints as his executors Abraham Mesier and Peter Mesier, Jr."

NOTE.—We are indebted to Mr. Elias Van Voorhis for this information in his "Notes on the Ancestry of Major Wm. Roe Van Voorhis."

In 1776 there was a large fire, which extended from the Battery up Broadway to Vesey Street, on the west side, and it is stated in Mrs. Lamb's "His-



tory of New York" that Peter Mesier had fifteen houses burned. Mrs. Lamb further remarks that the loyalists, of whom Peter Mesier was one, suffered very much by the fire. The mother of the writer has often spoken of our grandfather's having lived in Cortlandt Street, and of the fire destroying a large amount of his property. His business was that of a merchant, being engaged in the East India trade, importing tea, etc.

After the fire he moved with his family to a large tract of land, fourteen hundred acres, in Dutchess County, at the falls of Wappingers Creek.

Wappingers Creek was then a stream that passed over a gravelly bottom, through many acres of beautiful meadow land; it descended, for an eighth of a mile, one hundred and twenty feet over large rocks, making, as it tumbled on, a beautiful fall of water; then it quietly took its course of about two miles, between high banks covered with forest, and emptied into the Hudson River, at a point where the Dutch, in 1616, had formed a settlement for trading with the Indians, which they had called New Hamburg.

It was here that I first felt the influence of the beautiful in nature. When the stream was full after a rain the falls were indeed something to admire.



At the base of the falls on one side of the creek echo would answer to our voices on the hills among the trees. At a short distance below the falls, the stream spread out wide, and with the rising of the tide from the river, it formed a beautiful sheet of water for sailing, rowing, and fishing. Large quantities of striped bass came up the creek to feed, of which some, taken in nets, weighed twenty-five pounds. Trolling could be enjoyed with great success. The dye from the print works has long since driven the fish to seek other feeding ground. There were two mills on the creek for the grinding of wheat. Dutchess County had the best wheat land then contiguous to the city, by the Hudson River.

There was a farm house on the estate, to which Peter Mesier and his wife, Catherine Sleight, removed with their then small family. Having some tea on hand, of his own importation, he took that with him and disposed of it to the few tea-drinkers of that day. There he resided ever after, and children were born there, during the Revolution and after. Grandfather and grandmother Mesier made a visit to my father and mother at No. 4 Broadway, about 1807 or 1808, after which they returned to Wappingers Creek. They died, I think,



soon after, leaving eight children, three sons and five daughters. I will describe these sons and daughters and their families, as I remember them.

PETER MESIER.—He was called by his brothers and sisters “the Alderman”—a position of some significance in those days,—he having been alderman of the First Ward, in the years 1807 to 1814 successively, and again in 1819. He gave dignity to the office, being a gentleman of the old school and a classical scholar. He had a portly figure, wore powdered hair with a queue tied up with black ribbon; shorts and shoe buckles also contributed to his attire. Uncle Peter was one of a committee—with Colonel Nicholas Fish and General Jacob Morton—to introduce Commodore Hull to the Common Council, previous to a banquet given to Commodores Hull, Decatur, and Jones, December 26, 1812. On this occasion De Witt Clinton, the Mayor of the city, addressed Commodore Hull, the guest of the occasion, presenting him a diploma and a gold box, with the freedom of the city. Also on another occasion he served on a committee with Augustus Lawrence and Elisha King (Mrs. Lamb’s “History of New York”) to arrange a banquet to Captain Lawrence, May 4, 1813. The



affair took place in Washington Hall, then standing on the present site of Stewart's store, corner of Chambers Street. Mrs. Lamb, in the "History of New York" gives a full description of both entertainments. He then lived at 25 Beaver Street, in the First Ward, near the Battery and Bowling Green.

Aunt Margaret, his wife (Miss Hoffman), was a lady of the old school. She was never known to do any kind of needle or house work, but was always happy and pleased to see her friends, to whom she was very courteous and agreeable. Occasionally two nieces of Aunt Margaret's would spend some time with her—Julia De Vaux and Augusta De Vaux, daughters of Colonel De Vaux, of North Carolina. The former was considered the most beautiful woman in the city. When on a visit to Ballston Springs with her Aunt and Uncle Peter and my father and mother, she met John Hare Powell, of Philadelphia, and after an acquaintance of ten days they were married, and went to Philadelphia to live. Augusta De Vaux married Philip Verplank, of Verplank Point, on Hudson, from my father's house, No. 4 Broadway.

After a short time Aunt Margaret and Uncle "Alderman" moved up to Wappingers Creek and occupied one of the large houses on the estate.



Subsequently when on a visit to the city to his brother-in-law, David Lydig, then living on Broadway on one of the lots now occupied by the Astor House, he was taken sick in the night and died the next morning. Aunt Margaret then took up her abode with her nephew, Philip Verplank, who afterward sold the property at the Point and bought other at Newburg. When I last called upon her there, about 1851, she was still the same pleasant lady, spending her time in reading; during our conversation on that occasion she told me of things that had occurred in the city of which I had never heard or read. In a year or two after that visit I heard of her death, which was as quiet as her life. She went to bed perfectly well, and fell asleep, but

“ E'er the sun illumined the eastern skies,  
 She passed through Glory's morning gates,  
 And walked in paradise.”

MATTHEW MESIER.—Uncle Matt, as we called him, was judge of Dutchess County, and was held in high esteem by all who knew him. The brothers-in-law regarded him as authority on all subjects of general interest, as he had a cultivated mind and was a good classical scholar.



He was an excellent farmer, and understood the manufacture of flour, which was a very important business in those days, as very little flour then came from the West. The brand of "Wappingers Falls Mills" was esteemed among the best that came to the city. When the counties on the Hudson River were projecting a turnpike road from New York to Albany, Uncle Matt was solicited to take some stock in the company; but his friend, Chancellor Livingston, advised him not to do so. The Chancellor gave as his reason therefore, that Robert Fulton was building a steamboat, in which he felt much confidence, and he was convinced that it would be able to carry passengers to Albany with comfort and despatch, which would render the road an unprofitable investment. Subsequent events proved the correctness of his opinion. This fact Uncle Matt told me, and I have remembered it from my boyhood.

After the death of his parents, Uncle Matt occupied the homestead, with one bright spirit, his wife, Aunt Joanna (Joanna Schenck), who shed a lustre upon all around her. I cannot pretend to say all the good that she did while living. "She will ever be remembered by what she had done," by all who came within her influence, because of the Christian ex-



ample she exhibited on all occasions. Her children and grandchildren, every one, have shown by their course in life that her teaching and example moulded their thoughts, minds, and principles. Visitors who came to pass some time, especially young people—friends of the girls—also derived benefit from being there. Her presence, example, and conversation seemed to exercise a religious influence over the minds and hearts of every one, guests and family alike, and made their impress on their future tastes and pursuits in life. There are some now living who experienced her influence, as they knelt with her at morning and evening prayer “to Him from whom all blessings flow.”

Wappingers Creek was a favorite resort for the first visit of newly married couples, who always met with a cordial reception from Aunt and Uncle Matt, with kind congratulations and good wishes for happiness and success in life. Yes, Aunt Joanna’s memory will live long in the minds and hearts of every one who had the happiness to see and know her :

“Yes, like the fragrance that wanders in freshness,  
 When the flowers it came from, are shut up and gone,  
 So will she be, to this world’s weary travellers,  
 Sweetly remembered, by what she has done.”

Let our homes be like an earthly paradise and it will help prepare the minds of its members for the one above. The memory of a beautiful and happy home and a sunny childhood is one of the richest legacies that parents can leave to their children. Their hearts will never forget its hallowed influence. The simple lessons of home are so enamelled on the memory of childhood that they defy the rust of years and outlive the less vivid pictures of after days. Such a memory is a constant inspiration for good and a restraint from evil. How strongly the memory clings to the name of Mother :

“ We breathed it first with lisping tongue,  
 When cradled in her arms we lay ;  
 Fond memories round that name are hung,  
 That will not, cannot, pass away.”

ABRAHAM MESIER.—He was the third son ; he never married. He resembled his brother Peter in features and complexion. He was a fine-looking man, gentlemanly and courteous, fond of society and of literature. He owned the mill at the foot of the Falls where the print works now stand. His property • was mostly on the north side of the creek (including the present Channingville), as far as the road that

goes over the hill called the Donaldson road, and south along the creek as far as the old storehouse, which was used for the storage of flour ready for market. He had a large sloop for the shipping of the flour. There were no dwellings on the other side of the creek until after the property was sold, and the writer has seen wheat and oats growing there, four to five feet high. He lived in the house, still standing, with a pointed portico of four columns; the surroundings were very much as they are now. Myself and brothers used to pass our summer vacations—of about two or three weeks—there, and he took pleasure in providing us with fishing tackle to exercise ourselves in piscatorial exploits, of which we made great account. On Sundays he would take us to church at Fishkill village, in what was then called a curricie—a two-wheeled carriage built like what we call a gig—drawn by two horses that were harnessed to a pole between them, which was suspended by a plated bar that passed over the backs of the horses, and was secured by passing through turrets on the saddle of the harness. It was a very stylish vehicle, and would be so, even now. Uncle Abraham died about the year 1822, at Wappingers Creek, and was buried at Fishkill village.

CATHERINE MESIER, the oldest of the daughters, married her cousin Peter A. Mesier, son of Abraham Mesier, brother of Peter Mesier my grandfather. He was in the stationery business. He was very much esteemed by all the brothers-in-law; they resorted at noon to his place of business, in Wall Street, where they heard all the news and gossip of the day. He was always a pleasant companion and was universally liked by all his acquaintance; he was fond of shooting and was considered a good shot. His love of shooting continued late in life. Uncle Peter A. was especially a favorite with the young people, and he would join with them on shooting excursions and other pleasures that he thought would contribute to their good. Aunt Catherine survived him many years; she lived until she was over ninety years old.

MARIA MESIER, the second daughter, married David Lydig; they had only one child, Philip M. Lydig. Aunt Lydig had a country seat on the river Bronx, in Westchester County, which was a great attraction for the young people; she and Uncle Lydig took great pleasure in seeing their nephews and nieces enjoy themselves, as indeed every one did who went out there. A large number of friends now living

can look back with pleasure to the spot, where there was always a feast of good things. Uncle Lydig was the oracle of the family; his memory was wonderfully stored with narrative and events. During the first yellow fever in the city, when he was attacked with it he went on board his sloop and sailed to Buttermilk Falls, on the Hudson River near West Point, where he had flour mills—the sloop was used for the purpose of bringing the flour to the city. He lived on board the sloop until he recovered, and he then visited Wappingers Creek, remaining there until he gained his usual good health. He predicted the coming of the cholera to this city, soon after its appearance in Europe. At his own table he generally led the conversation, seldom the topics of the day, and it was such as would always command hearers. He wore glasses always; he had dignified, composed and easy manners, was never hurried or excited, and his walk and step were indicative of his character.

JANE MESIER (my mother) was the third daughter; she was born at Wappingers Creek. She married John Suydam, my father, then thirty-eight (his marriage was a surprise to his family, as they thought

he would have lived a bachelor). He had excellent business qualifications, which gave him much influence in the mercantile world at that time. He was the oldest of his brothers, of whom there were four. His judgment in all affairs of life was valued by the family. When I was ten years old, my mother and father took me to Wappingers Creek in order to place me at school in Poughkeepsie, where Joanna and Margaret Mesier were; Philipina Slosson, afterward Mrs. Frederick Boardman, and Peter Jansen Mesier, the oldest brother of Joanna and Margaret Mesier, were also at the academy. At Poughkeepsie we all boarded in the same house, and found the hours when out of school very pleasant; the girls were great favorites with every one and had many admirers. I remember on one occasion I unwittingly committed a gallantry, as follows: the lady with whom we boarded having just had a fresh supply of home-made bread, before the old was all consumed, declined having it eaten until the old was gone; I had a fondness for stale bread, of which they were not aware, and I volunteered to eat all the stale bread, if the fresh bread could be given to the girls; this established me forever in their good graces. Peter Jansen Mesier was a very promising youth. He after-

ward came to the city and entered Columbia College; he lived with his Uncle Peter Mesier at 25 Beaver Street, and died there about 1816 or 1817. It was a great grief to his parents. I was with him during all his sickness.

It was an academy of high reputation, of which Mr. Barnes was the principal; it had many distinguished graduates—among them the two Bishops Potter, who were then at school.

There was one who took an important part in the events that took place at Wappingers Creek—that person was Dr. Schenck, the brother of Aunt Joanna (Mrs. Matthew Mesier). At the home he was always spoken of and called Uncle Doctor. He was a fine-looking man with a commanding figure, dark piercing eyes, a jovial manner, and was very much liked; he had the entire practice of the country for some distance around. There was seldom any pleasure excursion that he did not inaugurate and participate in. He was very fond of playing on the flute, to the delight of all, and the flute generally went with the excursion party; one of these pleasure excursions that I call to mind gives a specimen of the fishing in the creek. In those days, there was a large freight scow used by the mill, which he engaged, and invited

all the visitors then at the Home to join in a fishing party, about twelve to fourteen in all. We anchored the scow at the foot of the falls, over a very deep hole, and fished for about five hours; we had chairs to sit upon, and when we became tired, we could stroll about the scow; upon counting the fish we had taken we found we had nearly *three hundred*. They were white perch, yellow perch, and sunfish. It was indeed a very memorable catch, as the fishermen say.

Dr. Schenck was fond of rowing, and would make excursions from the falls to the other side of the Hudson River. He would sometimes take visitors going to New York, by the way just described, rowing down the creek and then crossing the river to meet the steamboat at Hampton, on the opposite side of the river, as the boats would not stop on the New Hamburg side as they now do. He died, I think, in 1831, when about thirty-five years old.

Among the events at Wappingers Creek of which my mother told me, was the story of the Knocking Girl. At the house of Dr. Thorn, in Hackensack, there was a servant-girl about seventeen years old. A continual knocking was heard on the floor where she was. It made the home of Dr. Thorn very unpleasant, but he did not see proper to send

her away. The circumstance excited the curiosity and credulity of the country people, far and near; many came to see her from all parts of the country; Dr. Wright Post and Dr. David Hosack, then the highest authorities in the medical profession, visited her from the city of New York. It could not be accounted for, and it made the girl very unhappy. She was brought to the Home at Wappingers Creek, and the knocking there was very violent; my mother told me she saw one of the leaves of the hall table fly up as she passed by it. She was taken upon the ice in the creek, and still the loud knocking was heard. The mystery could not be solved; none doubted but that she was possessed of a devil. These are facts that many then living can testify to. The house of Dr. Thorn is still standing in Hackensack. When Mr. P. M. Lydig and myself were on a shooting excursion in 1833 in that vicinity, we made inquiry of several farmers if they had ever heard of the Knocking Girl, and from every one we were told it was a well known fact and generally believed for many miles around.

The children of all that generation have heard it from their parents, and of course believe, because they could not doubt what their parents told them.

There have been several knocking girls since, but I believe all were found to be impostors. The one of whom we speak was the true knocking girl, and we believe the first; she was cured of the infirmity, but how no one knew positively; there were many rumors of what was the cause of her being so possessed, and likewise how the cure was effected.

The writer reflects with pleasure on his school-days at Poughkeepsie, as it was his first acquaintance with the Home at Wappingers Creek, which has ever seemed to him his starting-point in life.

PHŒBE MESIER, the fourth daughter, never married. She became blind when about ten years old. Uncle Matt and Aunt Joanna volunteered to take charge of her, and thereafter she always lived with them. She employed her time in knitting, which she did to some good purpose; she was always pleased at the visits of her sisters and friends. Her life seemed to be a happy one, notwithstanding her want of sight; she died comparatively young.

ELIZA MESIER was the youngest; she came to New York and lived with Aunt Lydig. She was fond of painting and drawing in water colors; there

are several views of the Lydig place in Westchester County which she painted, now in the possession of some members of the family. While living at Aunt Lydig's she met Thomas Goelet, an old beau of hers, whom she married. After their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Goelet moved up to Wappingers to live, and a portion of the farm was given to Aunt Eliza. Thomas Goelet built a house on her portion of the farm, in which they lived; his brother Philip Goelet lived with them. At Aunt Eliza's death she left two children. Thomas Goelet died soon after his wife, leaving his wife's property and his own to his nephew, Peter Goelet, of New York City. Peter Goelet placed the children under the care of Doctor Remsen, with whom they remained until their deaths a few years after. Peter Goelet, very soon after the death of his Uncle Thomas Goelet, sold all the property at Wappingers Creek to Mr. Clapp.

Up to this period, notwithstanding the apparent distance from New York compared with the present, the Home at Wappingers Creek was a favorite place to visit, for all the family.

A young gentleman from Philadelphia made a visit to the Homestead, by invitation of P. M. Lydig, a cousin of the Mesiers. He had come on to New

York for the purpose of embarking in one of the Liverpool packets, and made a short visit before he sailed for Liverpool. His name was George B. Reese; he won the hearts of all with whom he became acquainted, by his agreeable manners and conversation. It was through Mr. Gould Hoyt that P. M. Lydig made his acquaintance; he made a deep impression on Mr. Lydig, who at once formed a strong affection for him. Mr. Gould Hoyt married Catherine Sheaf, a sister of G. B. Reese's mother. The other sisters of Catherine Sheaf were Mary and Debby Ann Sheaf; the latter married Mr. John Glover, and the former remained single. Mr. Sheaf, their father, was a prominent citizen of Philadelphia, a relative of Mr. David Lydig; the Sheaf sisters called him Uncle.

Cousin George, as P. M. Lydig called him, embarked in a vessel commanded by Captain Graham, with whom he became a great favorite.

On his return from England, he made a visit to Wappingers Creek, and soon after another visit. In a short time his engagement with Margaret Mesier was announced, upon which all his friends congratulated him.

On his next visit to England, he took his bride

with him, together with his sister Rosina Reese as a companion for her. They lived at Plymouth Grove, Liverpool, and received all their American friends. I have often heard people describe the good time they had at Plymouth Grove.

Wappingers Creek he sincerely loved; it seemed to have great attractions to him; that spot was of all others to him the brightest. Fishing was his delight, and he inspired others with the same love for it. Many happy hours were passed in this recreation on the creek and on the river. He always had some marvellous story of fishing to relate, and the secret of his success was perseverance. "One turn more, boys, before we go," and that turn always brought the long-sought-for game. He told every one of the wonders of the creek, and even beguiled his old friend Captain Graham to make it a visit. His faculty of convincing others of the benefit of doing any thing he might ask of them, was the means of his obtaining several large donations from Mr. Gould Hoyt, David Lydig, and John Suydam, for Zion Church, which was building about the time of his first trip to Liverpool. (I need not further narrate what is fresh in the minds of his children, which their parents have often described, and no doubt know

much of what has been said, but there are other members of the family now living to whom these facts may in time become interesting.)

The mantle of her mother seemed to have fallen upon Margaret Mesier, and it seems to have covered all her children, who now live as a bright illustration of what a pious mother can do by her example and teaching, and I feel certain that they, in thankfulness, do all experience and acknowledge it.

Having narrated this family history and narrative as concisely as he could well do, the author has attempted to express in verse the depth of his feelings about the Home at Wappingers Creek. In so doing he is inspired with thankfulness that his lot was cast among such kind relatives and friends, amid the pleasant and green pastures beside the waters of the Wappingers. He can truly say, "Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life, and I hope to dwell in the house of the Lord forever." Here in closing this part I would only add—

O gentle Memory—bid me not farewell  
 Those youthful days I loved so well,  
 Yet Hope—still radiant with thy joys,  
 As thoughts of Heaven my mind employs.



## WAPPINGER'S CREEK.

“ There is a spell which oftentimes comes  
E'en in our gayest hours ;  
And mem'ries spring to life and light,  
As summer buds to flowers.”

The good old homes of Dutchess,  
Ah ! very few now stand,  
As progress and wealth in gorgeous dress  
Ride trampling o'er the land.

I sing of one of those where peace  
Was found in ancient days ;  
Which bids my soul rise up and bless  
My God for all my ways.

Within that dear old home  
Where peacefully some now dwell,  
Who love its tall ancestral trees  
That mark the house so well.

I love the good old home  
Where mother dear was born,  
And yet these tall ancestral trees  
Still welcome in the morn.

I remember now so well  
With mother first I came  
And saw these old ancestral trees,  
Which still appear the same.

Another dear and sainted mother,  
Whose Light so shone around,  
It seemed that these ancestral trees  
Belonged to holy ground.

Fathers, mothers, sisters, and brothers,  
Each have been called away ;  
Yet the old oaks and stately elms  
Show no symptoms of decay.

Five generations call it home ;  
Three live now near by,  
Who, like the old ancestral trees  
Look up to Him on high.

The merchant and the clergy  
Were cradled in this home ;  
Among these old ancestral trees,  
God's name was early known.

Long years have now gone by ;  
I wonder—if I will ?  
Like those old, tall ancestral trees,  
Keep green as they do still.

Should they ever withered be,  
The dear ones all be flown,  
Who? who? would wish to inhabit then—  
This good old home—alone !

## GENEALOGY.

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### *First and Second Generations.*

PETER MESIER'S (died about 1784) and wife's children :

Peter Mesier, Jr. ; Abraham Mesier ; Catherine Mesier—married Jacob Van Voorhis, February 2, 1750. See page 121 of "Ancestry of Major Wm. Roe Van Voorhis," by Elias W. Van Voorhis, of New York City.

### *Third Generation.*

PETER MESIER'S and wife's (CATHERINE SLEIGHT) children :

Peter Mesier, married Margaret Hoffman.  
Matthew Mesier, married Joanna Schenck.  
Abraham Mesier, unmarried.  
Catherine Mesier, married Peter A. Mesier.  
Maria Mesier, married David Lydig.  
Jane Mesier, married John Suydam.  
Phebe Mesier, unmarried.  
Eliza Mesier, married Thomas Goelet.

*Fourth Generation.*

**MATTHEW MESIER'S** and wife's (JOANNA SCHENCK) children :

- Peter Jansen Mesier, died aged sixteen years, 1817.
- Joanna Mesier, unmarried.
- Maria Mesier, unmarried.
- Margaret Mesier, married George B. Reese.
- Abraham Mesier, married Rebecca Chester.
- Henry Mesier, married Elizabeth Wetmore.

**CATHERINE MESIER'S** and **PETER A. MESIER'S** children :

- Abraham Mesier, unmarried.
- Edward Mesier, married Miss Cowman, second wife  
Miss Hyslop.
- Peter Mesier, unmarried.
- Sarah Mesier, married John Van Wyck.
- Margaret Mesier, married J. Colony.
- Mary Mesier, unmarried.

**MARIA MESIER'S** and **DAVID LYDIG'S** child :

- Philip M. Lydig, married Catherine Matilda Suydam.

**JANE MESIER'S** and **JOHN SUYDAM'S** children :

- Catherine Matilda Suydam, married Philip M. Lydig.
- Henry Suydam, married Mary Reese.
- Peter Mesier Suydam, unmarried.
- John R. Suydam, married Ann Lawrence.
- David Lydig Suydam, unmarried.
- Maria Louisa, died when two years old.
- Maria Louisa, married Jacob Reese.

*Jane Suydam married William Remsen*

Letitia Jane Suydam, married Charles Jeffrey Smith.

Eliza Suydam, was drowned at Trenton Falls.

James Augustus Suydam, died at North Conway while on a sketching tour.

*Fifth Generation.*

**MARGARET MESIER'S and GEORGE B. REESE'S children :**

Jacob Reese, merchant, married Clara Jaffray.

George B. Reese, clergyman, married Elizabeth S.

Irving, second wife Augusta Strange. *partner of Dobbs Ferry 2*

Livingston Reese, clergyman, unmarried. *on A. U. N. Y. on Hudson 3*

Henry Reese, banker, married Mary Augusta Willis.

Josie Mesier Reese, married Edward Satterlee.

Catherine Reese, married Amos Newbold.

Mesier Reese, merchant, married Caroline Birch, and second wife Emily Corlies.

**HENRY MESIER'S and ELIZABETH WETMORE'S children :**

Alethia Mesier.

Joanna Mesier.

Henry Mesier.

## ZION CHURCH, WAPPINGER'S FALLS.

A SHORT history of Zion Church may here be given, as it belongs to the events that arose from the Mesier Home, as they were the projectors of the church. About the year 1830, the Rev. George B. Andrews settled in the neighborhood, buying a farm near Hughsonville. As there was no place of worship for the Episcopal Church, he volunteered to preach, if they could find a room, for the small number of worshippers of the denomination in that vicinity. A room on the south side of the creek was provided and service was held there for a short time. But it not being suitable, a building was engaged on the north side of the creek. It had formerly been occupied as a shop by a tinsmith; it was a low one-story wooden building, afterward used as a school house; it is still standing, in the rear of the brick building on the corner of Main and Church Streets. It was there I first heard the Rev. G. B. Andrews, then a young married man. The congregation numbered about

twenty. He continued to preach there without any salary until the present Zion Church was built.

Zion Church was finished in 1833; Mr. Matthew Mesier gave the ground in perpetuity for a church. As soon as the church was finished a regular Sunday-school was organized by the members of the Mesier family; it soon began to increase, and other teachers volunteered their services; the school was held in the church before the morning and afternoon services. It was found inconvenient to hold the Sunday-school in the church, and about 1847 the basement was made suitable for the Sunday-school, which still continued to increase. Mr. Andrews had remained up to this time without any stated salary; that need was supplied by contributions which were promised him by certain members of the congregation. The worshippers began to feel that they would like to have another clergyman, who, they thought, would do more good for the church; so they asked Mr. Andrews to resign his charge, which he declined to do. He immediately took measures to keep himself there, by having an election for vestrymen, keeping the polls open all day and taking the votes of all who had been in the church or had had a child baptized. The result was that none of the

former vestrymen were elected and he established himself with a new vestry. Mr. Andrews showing so decidedly that he would stay, those who had proposed his leaving, began to regret their action and thought it had been unwise to ask him to resign. The new vestry failed to take any part in church matters, and the old vestry was soon reinstated, and the affair was forgotten. Mr. Andrews sold his farm near Hughsonville and bought of Mr. James Lenox about two or three acres of thickly wooded land, upon which he built a cottage, in which he and Mrs. Andrews lived to the time of their death. Mrs. Andrews died there after but a short residence in it. When the health of Mr. Andrews began to decline, it was thought best to have some one to assist him in his parochial duties.

The writer had recently made the acquaintance of a young graduate from the seminary, Mr. Henry Y. Satterlee, and he proposed him to the vestry, stating that he thought he had every qualification to take the charge—a young man, ordained, that would also, in social life, be an acquisition to the, at that time, small circle of our society.

It has often been a pleasant reflection to the writer that he was directly the means of bringing to

Wappingers Creek one, who has been a spiritual strength and a blessing to the neighborhood.

The vestry at once gave a call to Mr. Satterlee, to come and assist Mr. Andrews, which he kindly consented to do. Mr. Satterlee had just been ordained, and it was his first call, while yet unmarried; he soon became a favorite and induced many to come to the church. It was soon found that the building was too small for all that wanted to worship there, and it was finally decided to enlarge the church. Being about the close of the war, every thing requisite for building was very high in price; a certain amount was however raised by contribution, that was thought sufficient. In the winter of 1867 and 1868 the work was accomplished; during which time, worship was held in the basement of the church. It was completed in May, 1868. The changes in the church building had been made in accordance with the means that the church then had at its disposal.

Before worship was held in the church, the pews had a valuation put upon them and were taken by the congregation as suited their convenience. This was the first time that a specific revenue was raised, and salaries were given accordingly.

The writer heard Mr. Andrews say he hoped to

live to see the church enlarged, and at one time the subject was discussed at a vestry meeting; when the undertaking looked doubtful at the meeting, Mr. Andrews offered to give up his salary toward accomplishing the work, which of course could not have been taken, as he could not do without it. The writer only mentions this fact to show the disposition of the good old Rector.

For some years after the enlargement of the church he had the satisfaction of preaching; this he continued to do persistently in spite of his failing powers, until he was finally obliged to give up. He received an injury from his coachman Robert, whom he continued in his service, notwithstanding his friends remonstrated against it. He lingered in his solitary house for two or three years, becoming more and more feeble; his mind also wandered, so that it was distressing to hear him converse. Finally his labors ceased and he "entered into that rest that remaineth for the people of God."

He was esteemed and beloved by every one who knew him or heard others speak of him. His funeral was such as showed the estimation in which he was held by his followers. After the death of Mr. Andrews, Mr. Satterlee became the Rector of Zion

Church, "and many were daily added to the church, of such as shall be saved."

The labors of the parish soon required that the new Rector should have some help, and Mr. Wm. Montague Geer became the assistant, which he continued to be until he was called to take charge of a parish at Oyster Bay, Long Island.

The next important event that took place was a voyage to Europe by the Rector, in 1879, for the benefit of his health; he was absent a year. Mr. Charles A. Pyne supplied the pulpit during the absence of Mr. Satterlee, and gave entire satisfaction.

During the absence of Mr. Satterlee, two ladies of the congregation conceived the idea of raising a sum of money to present to Mr. Satterlee on his return, to be used for the erecting of a building suitable for the purposes of a Sunday-school, as the basement of the church, then being used, had become too small and uncomfortable. The ladies had often heard Mr. Satterlee express a wish for such a building, and they inaugurated the movement, with the express understanding that none of the congregation should inform Mr. Satterlee of what was then preparing for him as a surprise.

The project was cordially approved, and Mrs.

Irving Grinnell and Mrs. Samuel W. Johnson, the ladies to whom the parish are indebted for the benevolent idea, proceeded to put it into a reality by their efforts in bringing it to the minds and hearts of the congregation, rendering it not only a pleasant source of enjoyment but a very profitable one for the parish. The result was, an amount was raised sufficient to warrant the erection of a handsome and commodious building, suitable for all the purposes of a Sunday-school and a lecture room. The architectural design and beauty of the Sunday-school house redeem the old church for its want of the same, and altogether they make a beautiful group of buildings indicative of the cultivation of the intellect and the worship of a Supreme Being, "God over all and blessed for ever."

Since the above was written, and while in the hands of the printer, the Rev. Henry G. Satterlee accepted a unanimous call of the Vestry of Calvary Church, of New York City. On Sunday morning, April 23, 1882, he preached to a very large congregation a sermon suited to the occasion, together with an address to the people of the parish. In it he expressed with much humility his sentiments

and feelings on taking upon himself the call to a parish which had been before supplied by such able and distinguished ministers of the Gospel. He hoped, however, with the congenial support of all the members of the Parish, and the blessing of God, that he might be able to fulfil with Christian love all the requirements of the situation.

THE END.



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